

The NEWSLETTER . Echoes from Bryan Hill

Vol. IV

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Number 7

The Ladies' Quartette

In the service of the Lord throughout the Northeast for eleven weeks last summer, the Ladies' Quartette will again take the road this summer, their itinerary extending, the Lord willing, as far south as Alabama, to Colorado in the west, into Minnesota and Wisconsin in the north, and along the western portion of Ohio. Pastors in this area who will welcome a thoroughly sound Gospel testimony should write the Office of the Dean. With the quartette will be available for use all equipment and over a thousand feet of moving pictures, partly in natural colors, showing the history and work of the University.



THE LADIES' QUARTETTE

*Left to right: Misses Ruth Toliver, Rebecca Peck,
Mabel Arnold, and Margaret Lowe*

CAMPUS CLEAN-UP

When the first bright rays of the spring sun shone on the campus, it was a dismal sight: leaves blanketed the ground and dead wood and debris were scattered from one end to the other. Something had to be done.

Agitation for a clean-up day was started in the public speaking class. After due consideration, the day was set, classes were dismissed, and everyone turned out with rakes, picks, shovels and brooms. These implements were in constant motion from 7 in the morning till 6 at night; yet the task was not completed. Because there was an almost unanimous wish to finish the job, the following day was spent in similar operations.

Although everyone was tired and weary from the two days' exercise, there was rejoicing because the cleaning presented an entirely new campus. Flowers that had been hidden sent forth their gladness; the roads were clearly outlined with whitewashed rocks, and the dead appearance of the hill had been replaced with the radiant life of spring.

The aching bones, tired muscles and poison ivy have disappeared, but the results from the work will not be forgotten, since it is clearly evidenced all about us.

PASTOR'S FELLOWSHIP PROGRAM

"Cheer" was the theme of an inspiring chapel program given by the Pastors' Fellowship of the Christian Service Association on April 3. The first nine verses of Matt. 9 were used as a basis for the program. Clarence Blackburn played a trombone solo, "Make Me a Blessing." Dean Geary, who gave the message on "Cheerfulness for Him," stressed the importance of our realizing His forgiving cheer, assuring cheer, and encouraging cheer.

BRYAN PLAYERS TO PRESENT PROGRAM

An early part of the commencement activities will be the variety program to be presented under the auspices of the Bryan Players. Without revealing the exact nature of the program, those in charge promise it will be an evening well spent, one of friendly enjoyment and serious meditation. The date? Undetermined, but very likely the latter part of May.

COMMONER TELLS OF STUDENT LIFE

This year, Bryan University's year-book, "The Commoner," will come from the hands of the seniors as a full-size, 8¾ x 11¼, annual. In previous years the publication has been of a much smaller size. This increase in size is felt to be another manifestation of the growth and progress of the university. True, its pages are not so numerous as those of a larger institution, but it is thought that the large page size will give ample opportunity for recording the events of the school year and the activities of the students.

The theme of the 1938-39 issue of "The Commoner" is growth. The theme verse is Luke 2:52, "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man."

Any friend of the university who would like to secure a copy of "The Commoner" may do so by writing the circulation manager, Forrest S. Ford, at the university. The price is \$1.50. Delivery can be made within the next two weeks.

THE NEWSETTE

Rebecca Peck.....Editor
Mabel Arnold.....Circulation Manager
Ruth Toliver.....Reporter
Charles Shirley.....Reporter
D. W. Ryther.....Adviser

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MAY, 1939

— God Above All —

EDITORIAL

The glorious future of the great United States experiment in democracy was to find its well-springs in popular education—or at least such was the prophecy of educators a hundred years ago. For ignorance breeds superstition, prostitutes a people to demagogues; but education leads to understanding, discrimination, and an enlightened interdependence.

The glittering promise has cost us unnamed millions—is costing us more every year, nor do we begrudge it; but proportionately youth-crime has grown, political malpractices have changed but little, and there are even signs that all demagogues are not deceased.

So runs our tale of woe. Shaggy-browed academicians sadly shake their heads and ponder on what may be done with men who are educated beyond their intelligences.

Men are fools who throw up liberty for a short-lived security, who turn aside from the constructive satisfactions in learning to plunge into miserable passions, who pass up the lessons of all history for the sake of immediate gain. Yet who today lives up to a tenth of what his education has taught him? One need not ask why democracy suffers.

None can ever forget that first great surge of confidence, trust, and power which was his when first he knew God. The words "... all things are become new" were electrifying; doubt disappeared; nothing was left but a serene devotion to the Christ who had become all.

What has become of that joy? Where have we left God? Has it been His will that we stumble on in the same ruts—getting temporary lifts on Sunday or during conference time but otherwise grinding along as before?

It seems about time that Christians arouse themselves to the facts that all who call "Lord, Lord" are not of His appointment, and that true Christianity demands that every individual soul become a dynamic force, purifying, saving souls, and living Christ—from whom shall flow rivers of living water.

Do we believe Jesus? He said, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do—"; "If ye ask anything in my name I will do it—"; "I am the vine, ye are the branches—"; "We are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones." And promise after promise identifies us directly with Christ who literally lives in us. All things are ours! All power is ours! The cattle on a thousand hills are ours through Christ!

Is Christ's word good? Why, then, doesn't every Christian rise up, throw off the yoke of bondage, and start living solely for the glory of God?

Testimonies, choruses, and wholesale harangues have actually become "Christianity" to thousands, but how few there are who are living in personal, intimate, daily communion with God, giving Him everything and trusting everything!

Education cannot save the United States. The experiment has been a disappointment. "Christianity"—as it exists in the minds of so many—can never save the United States. But if, today, every single born-again individual were to seize his right—let Christ completely have His way—if he would begin taking all of God's promises as true, then would the United States be cleansed, education would be given power, the name "Ichabod" would be forever erased from the door of the church, and the true power of Christ would be the possession of every believer.

Dr. Currens in St. Louis

During the week of April 9, it was the special privilege of Dr. Charles H. Currens, Professor of Bible, to speak at a series of meetings held in the Bible Presbyterian Church in St. Louis, Missouri, with messages based on the book of Romans. His final message was given on Easter Sunday night, after which he returned to his home in Atlanta.

While in St. Louis, Dr. Currens stayed with his daughter, Mrs. Homer G. Allan.

Easter Sunrise Service

"He is not here, but is risen." Honoring the resurrection of the Lord Jesus, the faculty and students joined in an Easter sunrise service, arranged by the ministerial students, with William Kerr leading. As the group worshipped together in song directed by James Doud, the sun burst forth in all its fulness to witness that truly Jesus lives. While the male trio rendered a fitting selection, the sun was strangely obscured by a thick blanket of dark clouds. How typical was this of the discouragements which come to one who has seen Jesus, but has permitted the clouds of sin to obscure the light of His love.

Another musical number was provided by Clarence Blackburn, who played on the trombone "Christ Arose." Our thoughts continued to center on the resurrected Christ as Dean Geary brought the message with the use of various scripture portions to emphasize the power of a risen Saviour who is now living in Heaven interceding for us, and is one day coming back to take us unto Himself. This blessed hope of Christ's return to gather out His own was beautifully typified by the glorious reappearance of the sun as it rose above the dismal clouds bringing new hope and peace to all who trust in Him.—D. G.

Students Hold Jail Services

Among the weekly Gospel services, a very important one is that held in the county jail each Saturday afternoon. The messages in song and from the Word are very heartily received by those who are shut away from the world.

Not only has the seed been sown, but it has already brought forth fruit in several lives, as evidenced by their testimony. One young colored man, known to the jail workers as "Bob," gave a very convincing testimony of God's power in his life, witnessing also to others who had to serve a sentence or await trial. Just recently Bob was released, and he needs the prayers of Christians that he may become strong in the Lord. Several others have accepted God's gift of salvation; others are still hesitating.

Bryan University

Missionary to Indians

"The Indians need the gospel just as badly as anyone else," stated Rev. B. H. Stokley, founder of the Navajo Evangelization Movement. The Navajos are one of the largest tribes of Indians in America, yet many of them have never seen a white man, nor heard the plan of God's salvation. They are a type of people that Isaiah tells about in the 42nd chapter and 22nd verse, "But this is a people robbed and spoiled; they are all of them snared in holes, and they are hid in prison houses; they are for a prey, and none delivereth; for a spoil and none saith, Restore."

FROM CHINA

Again we have news from those two who have gone from us to China to witness of H's marvelous grace. From Rebecca Haeger: "I feel, as never before, tremendous need for prayer in being enabled to accomplish the many things I have and desire to do. Only the Lord through prayer can accomplish it. This is, in specific, concerning speeding up in comprehension of the language, grammatically and conversationally; in letter writing, that I may write and think faster and say well that which the Lord would have me to; and that my mind may be disciplined to concentration and clear thinking . . . am reassured that I have 'all things' in Him. My desire is to 'bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.'"

From Ralph Toliver: "Yes, I can say enough Chinese to carry on a conversation on some subjects with my teacher or with someone else who will put up with my foreign accent and slowness. . . We are looking forward to leaving, possibly the last of April. This will be after our designation and, we hope, after our First Section Language Examination has been passed. The Japanese had put out a proclamation that this morning all the local churches were to preach something suitable to Japanese religious teaching! They sent men around to all the churches to see for sure that this was done properly. At this church a man preached on the commandment, 'Honor thy father and mother,' which is a tenet of Taoism, too, so they hope they are satisfied."

Will you join us in prayer for these two young people who so completely desire to serve Him?

The Newsette

... The Seniors ...

Sixty Second Interviews

"Bill" Kerr . . . from Atlantic City, N. J. . . . came to us from Wheaton College . . . Was captain of Soccer team there . . . played against West Point . . . Likes to box, but would rather fight for the Lord, which he does, preaching regularly at Ogden Baptist Church . . . He's a Presbyterian . . . After graduation, plans to attend seminary, then enter pastoral work . . . President of Student Pastor's Fellowship, vice-president of George E. Guille Ministerial Association, associate editor of "The Commoner."



William Fulton Kerr



Sara Idleman Llewellyn

"Sally" Idleman, from Marianna, Pa. . . . Came to Bryan as a freshman four years ago . . . came back as a senior and Mrs. Lewis Llewellyn last fall. . . . Wanted a college education as a prelude to seminary . . . still plans to continue study. . . . Active in numerous organizations till this year . . . editor of "The Commoner" . . . Hobby is planning parties.

Intimate friends call him "Turkey" . . . home town is Dunellen, N. J. . . . entered in fall of '35, just after finishing high school . . . was one of our janitors till last Christmas . . . majoring in science . . . vice-president of his class . . . plans to further his education in a Bible school . . . is interested in South American missionary work . . . belongs to our Foreign Missions Fellowship.



Edward Meares deRosset



Anne Graves Walton

From Clinton, Miss. . . . daughter of Bryan's Field Representative . . . graduated in August, 1937, from Mississippi College in her home town . . . entered Bryan to begin studies second quarter of last year . . . majoring in commercial work . . . can be seen almost any time with one eye peeking into her camera ready to snap another shot for that annual (photo-graph editor) .

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FOOL

John Raymond Hand

I am a fool.

Unlike most fools, however, I cannot offer the usual alibis of poverty, poor environment, evil associates, inherent criminal tendencies, and the like. I was born in a good home. My parents were of the honest, hard-working, substantial middle class. Both by precept and by example I was taught the lessons of honesty, integrity and moral rectitude. Moreover, I loved my parents and respected their ideals.

But I was born a thief. From my earliest infancy the tendency was strong in me. I presume there was a time when I committed my first depredation but I cannot remember it. I can recall with a good deal of detail my third birthday, and I know that I was an accomplished thief at that time. As I grew older the habit became stronger and more firmly fixed. It developed into a game—a thrilling game in which I pitted my wit against the wits of the officers of the law. The many close brushes which I had with the latter brought only an additional thrill to my tingling nerves.

Naturally I had added to stealing the twin evil, gambling. This art had not come so easily, however. In learning the mysteries of draw poker I found myself burdened with a tremendous gambling debt. My creditors threatened me with exposure unless I paid up. I was a sophomore in high school at the time. Like all criminals I was a coward. I did not dare face my father and mother so I did what so many boys do under similar conditions: I ran away from home.

By easy stages I made my way to the southwest, living by my wits and by my skill with the pasteboards. It is impossible to give the details of my life. Suffice it to say that I gravitated quickly to the depths, in which condition I sought the companionship of the very worst men of the border country. The thrill of their free-lance life seemed to weave a spell about me. They offered me the cup of adventure, and I drank it to its bitter dregs.

Then one day I awakened to consciousness in an adobe hut just across the Rio Grande in Mexico—severely wounded, almost without funds, and

friendless, save for two other young fellows who were in as bad a predicament as I. And we were fugitives from justice, hunted by the authorities of two governments.

For the first time in my life I experienced remorse. I was not repentant. I simply was sorry that I had been found out. As I lay there recuperating under the kindly care of a Mexican girl, my mind was busy with plans for the future. I knew that the border would be too hot for me now. My best chance to cover my trail was to get back to my father's home. I was confident that he knew nothing of my whereabouts nor of the life I had been leading. So again, like the coward that I was, I turned tail and ran away from the just reward of my deeds.

My parents were delighted to see me when at last I reached home and, when I expressed a desire to return to school, they gladly offered to assist me. And now began a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde existence. I returned to school, prepared to teach, and did for a number of years. Outwardly I was an upright and honest citizen; secretly I was the same old thief and gambler that I had been before, very careful, however, to play a lone hand for fear of an untoward exposure.

Concluded in the next issue

PIANO RECITAL

Howard Kee, a most talented and promising young pianist, will give a recital on Friday night, May 12, providing, we are assured, an exceptionally refreshing evening for his audience. Given in four sections, his program will include, in the first group, "Sarabande" by Handel and "Bouree" by Bach; in the second, Beethoven's "Sonata in C Major," Opus 2, No. 3; in the third, Chopin's "Valse in A Minor," "Valse in C Sharp Minor," and "Valse in D Flat Major;" and in the fourth, "Hopak" by Moussorgsky, "Scene from an Imaginary Ballet" by Coleridge-Taylor, and Schwarwenka's "Polish Dance." During the intermission between the second and third groups, Ruth Toliver will sing Grieg's "Sunshine Song." Mr. Kee has studied for the past year under the direction of Mrs. Arthur Lynip, instructor in voice and piano at the University.—R. T.

CAMPFIRE

Bonfire — toasted shins — burnt marshmallows. Not just another campfire, but the climax to the campus clean-up day. There was a sense of satisfaction in the hearts of faculty and students when the last load of leaves was hauled away and the piles of dirt and debris cleared. Yet there remained the desire not only to have the campus clean, but to have each life cleansed.

Around the campfire several faculty members and students exhorted each one to come daily to the Lord Jesus and be cleansed by His blood from all the defilement of this world and to be made white as snow.

Following the period of heart-searching and praise to Him, there was a happy fellowship toasting marshmallows and singing Gospel choruses.—D. G.

TODAY IS MONDAY

"This is the way we wash our clothes, wash our clothes, wash our clothes. This is the way we wash our clothes, early on Monday morning."

So goes the old song, but the washing! Not quite so easy as that, we think, with scalded hands, scrubbed knuckles, and blistered fingers monotonously going up and down, up and down the old scrub board . . . Wet, soap, scrub, wet . . . wet, soap, scrub, wet . . . and so on through the dreary hours. Fond memories, eh what? But memories only for the boys, for times have changed. In place of the old battered wash tub and board sits in shining whiteness the Laundry Queen—"the lady who does our wash." Put in a little water, toss in flakes or bubbles, drop in the "dainties" or the "workies," and watch the dirt come out, tattle-tale gray and all, while you sit by and let the Queen do the job.

Pioneers in the washer business, the Automatic Washer Company, Newton, Iowa, certainly named their product correctly—Laundry Queen, the queen of the laundry at Bryan.

"The humblest citizen of all the land, when clad in the armor of a righteous cause, is stronger than all the hosts of error."

W. J. Bryan